guilelessness rest me. Among many insignificant notes, a few pages suddenly show him as he is, admirable. His handwriting is much less attractive than Baudelaire's, of whom I also see a few pages.

Went to thank Charmoy for the interesting time I had yesterday on his recommendation. A large group in his studio, where he himself is receiving today.

Return by metro; stop at the Drouins*; I get home almost devoid of energy.

As I am leaving the metro, two fellows accost me and introduce themselves: Ibels and some Spanish painter. Having nothing to say to them, I leave them after having listened to their compliments. I give every appearance of separating from them, and then find myself right beside them while waiting for my streetcar—but do not recognize them until the car is leaving (yes, the very men I had just been talking to) — and then only because Ibels tips his hat to me very ostentatiously. How could I convince anyone that there was no impertinence or intention not to recognize them in this, etc. . . . ?

Em. wonders whether she would like to see me (and whether I can see myself) pronouncing a speech in my turn in the Academy.

"I certainly am not heading in that direction, my dear. I am less and less attracted to gatherings in which I am not allowed to snort as much as I want."

That remark of Barres's against Zola, as I reread it, makes me even more angry. There is some spiritual baseness in never exaggerating anything but profitable opinions.

Saturday

After lunch, at the Van Rysselberghes*. Maurice Denis comes in and in a burst of laughter sweeps away all the arguments I had been building up against going to Berlin, Impossible to resist his cordial assurance.

Sund

ay

Departure for Berlin with Maurice Denis.

Berlin. The Museum

In the same gallery:

Michelangelo: *John the Baptist,* very Donatello, excessively youthful; mannerism without mawkishness, strangely long neck, frail torso; in the gait more rhythm than direction. In his left hand he holds a honeycomb and with his right hand he is raising to his mouth something bitter that puckers his mouth.

Wonderful work; greater perfection but perhaps not greater beauty than in the little sketch of an Orpheus [Apollo (?)] hardly as tall as a gladiolus, which, even in the still thick marble, is palpitating with glor-